COLONEL HOUSE'S INTIMATE PAPERS ON PAGE ONE, SECTION TWO

The Weather:
To-day: Snow or rain; increasing east winds becoming fresh to strong;
To-morrow: Possibly rain or snow
Detailed weather report on Page 31

THE NEW YORK HERALD
New York Tribune

LATE CITY EDITION

Vol. LXXXV No. 28,943 SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1923—148 PAGES—Section One FIVE CENTS

Lottery Tip Lets Italy Pay U. S. for Year

Spies Plunge on Numbers Picked by Illiterate Peasant and Government Wins 125,000,000 Lire

Prophet Fails to Name One Winner

Troops Guard Bins, Riots Break Out and Losers Charge Double Cross

ROME, Feb. 10 (by The Associated Press)—Senator Tedesco, a noted anti-Fascist economist, of the town of San Remo, in the Province of Genoa, has been arrested on charges of violent criticism of and conduct unfavorable to the government, a term of which is construed to be sufficient to put a man in prison for the war during the United States.

In other words, the government now is the official lottery bookie throughout Italy, and the people are betting their money by the millions of dollars on the Italian millions of dollars on the Italian millions of dollars, which failed to come true.

Behind the scenes the weekend has an exciting story of late and practicing, caused by rumbles and rumbles of armed soldiers, even the active Civil Guard, 10,000 strong, being mobilized in Rome.

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News Summary

TODAY

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Poems

By Langston Hughes

Whose first volume of verse, "The Weary Blues" has just appeared.

Strange Hurt She Knew

IN times of stormy weather
She felt queer pain
That said,
"You'll find rain better
Than shelter from the rain."

Days filled with fiery sunshine
Strange hurt she knew
That made
Her seek the burning sunlight
Rather than the shade.

In months of snowy winter
When cozy hourses hold
She'd break
Down doors to wander
Naked through the cold.

African Fog

SINGING black boatmen;
An August morning
In the thick white fog at Sekondi
Coming out to take cargo
From anchored alien ships,
You do not know the fog
We strange so-civilized ones
Sail in always.

Prayer

I ASK you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

Star Seeker

I HAVE been a seeker
Seeking a flaming star,
And the flame-white star
Has burned my hands
Even from afar.

Walking in a dream-dead world
Circled by iron bars
I sought a singing star's
Wild beauty.—
Now behold my scars.